

# **I'll go get a ring, Let the choir bells sing by OurLadyofPerpetualWallflowers**

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**Summary:**

Billy and Steve have a genius idea to pay for college. Robin just wants to close up the shop in peace.

## I'll go get a ring, Let the choir bells sing

### Author's Note:

- For [hoppnhorn](#).

For the force of nature that is [Hoppnhorn](#). Based on this [tumblr post](#) May add more later, I'm caffeine crashing right now.

Somewhere around the third time a deep groan fills the dining area of Scoops Ahoy!, Robin snaps a towel at Steve's bare thigh hard enough to bruise and points emphatically at the slumped figure of blond curls and bottomless despair which sits in front of a laptop, surrounded by a vast assortment of free samples cups and tiny blue spoons.

Steve scowls and rubs at his leg which only makes Robin twist the towel threateningly. When he makes no move to shift from his spot perched on the toppings bar, she pulls out the big guns.

"I am your *manager*. Fix that before I take a melon baller to his balls." A perfectly timed whine punctuates her sentence and Steve finally slides to his feet and leans halfway over the counter to get close enough to not shout across the shop.

"Hargrove, you sound like you're dying, man. What's the big deal?"

The blond curls move just enough to reveal a stressed set of blue eyes.

"I need to get married."

Steve falls over the counter and Robin rolls her eyes as she pulls out an ice cream cake for tomorrow and begins icing it.

"You what?!?"

Billy finally sits up and reveals three stacks of paperwork covered in his blocky handwriting. He waves at the laptop accusingly and fists a handful of his own hair.

"I can't qualify for any college aid but these ridiculous unsubsidized loans unless I turn twenty-four, have a kid, or get married. Since I can't magically become six years older, getting married seems like the easiest option to reverse later without, yeah know, *murdering a child* so...I need to get married."

"But like, are you dating anyone?" Steve scrambled to his feet and frowned. "Married seems like a really big commitment."

Robin decided not to point out that Steve had cheerfully informed her of Billy's latest break-up over a month ago and added another chocolate swirl to the birthday design. Billy snorted and rummaged in his cups for an uneaten bit of ice cream.

"Not that it matters but no, Harrington, I'm not." Billy found a half-melted dish of caramel ribbon and tipped it into his mouth. "But Urbane will pay for classes, books, and a fucking apartment if I have a spouse so Grindr and I are about to make some new limited engagement friends."

Steve grabbed two chocolate dipped waffle cones and took the seat across from Billy, handing him one even as he took a bite out of the other with a thoughtful expression.

"For the millionth time, quit eating the goods." Billy flipped her off. "You're not even working tonight, Billy. You know how pathetic this is?"

"Wait like, an entire apartment?" Steve looked intrigued and leaned closer over the table to see the computer screen. "Really? Shit, I'd marry you for all that, my folks won't pay for shit and my credit sucks."

"That's because you never paid for anything in your life." Robin was ignored in favor of the two boys locking eyes.

"Wait, you mean that?" Billy leaned in just as close, practically touching noses with Steve. "Like, for real?"

"Well, I mean," Steve blushed faintly and took another bite of his cone to hide it. "Yeah, like, if what you said is true. Semester's about

to start right? So you'd have to do it really fast. Better me than some Grindr hook-up with the clap or whatever, right?"

Robin used the rosette piping tip to write GAY on her arm in fancy script and then licked it off.

"Yeah! Yeah, I mean, look here's all the free shit we can get." Billy clicked around on the laptop for a minute and Steve swore.

"Holy shit, is that the apartment? That thing's huge!"

"Gee, you think it'll fit?" Robin deadpanned. The boys ignored her.

"Married people get all the nice shit, man. It's not even on campus, the couples have their own little like, village or whatever, it's fancy as fuck." Billy's hand brushed Steve's and he gulped, eyes darting glances at Steve.

"Who'd we find to marry us though?" Steve sounded depressed and Robin mentally composed herself.

"If it will get you two to shut up, I will marry you myself." Two sets of hopeful eyes turned to her with blinding beseechment in them.

"Really?"

"You'd do that for us-I mean Billy?" Steve rubbed the back of his neck and Billy coughed into his fist.

"Anything for the joy of helping two souls in the quest of defrauding the government." Robin heroically refrained from throwing a metal scoop at them and answered solemnly before resting her chin in her palm. "I got internet ordained last spring for my sister's commitment ceremony. As long as you get the certificate form the courthouse or whatever, it's totally legal. That is, if you really wanna get married." They turned to look at each other again, Billy awkwardly shifting closer to the edge of his seat like there wasn't a fake wooden table between them.

"I mean, it'd only be temporary."

"Yeah," Steve nodded eagerly. "But uh, divorces are expensive, right?"

We might have to keep it up for awhile.” Billy shrugged far too casually to be believed.

“Yeah, that would suck but I mean, it’d be worth it.” He frowned a bit and hunched his shoulders. ‘Unless you’ve changed your mind, I mean. I can totally find somebody willing to marry me super fast, it’s not like I’m hurting for action.”

“Actually,” Robin piped up before Steve’s bottom lip actually started to tremble, good lord. “That’s only if there’s like property and alimony and shit. My dad’s second marriage, they just said they had ‘irreconcilable differences’ and filed some paperwork.”

Both of them visibly brightened and Steve actually leapt to his feet.

“Well then yeah!” He seemed to hear himself and raked his hand through his hair in an attempt to play it off. “I mean, free college is free college. Even if I do have to put up with seeing your face every day.”

Billy slinked up to standing himself, stretching so that his shirt fell off his shoulders even more and revealed all of his chest. Dear god, please let this marriage mean Robin never had to work with that Eartha Kitt Catwoman act again.

“I guess I could handle having you for a husband for a few years. What the hell.”

They stood there, inches apart, gazing at each other for a full minute.

“By your own stupidity and admission and barring any objections, by the power vested in me by the state of Indiana, the Church of the Flying Spaghetti Monster, and the rank of Captain of the Hawkins Charter of the esteemed Scoops Ahoy! franchise, I hereby declare you two married.” She waved her hand in something like a mix between a cross and the Disney Channel logo. “Now kiss.”

They both startled like baby deer.

“Uh, kiss?” Steve choked out. Billy just glared at her like it was a joke. She rolled her eyes.

“Yeah kiss. It’s a wedding staple. Do it or it doesn’t count.” She drummed her fingers on the countertop, phone barely obscured in her other hand, camera open and recording. Billy snorted and turned to face Steve, hands reaching out to rest on his hips.

“Well, baby?” Steve blushed again but laughed and stepped closer. “You gonna kiss your groom?”

Steve shook his head and fisted the collar of Billy’s denim jacket in reply, pulling him in for a kiss that started off as a press of lips and quickly moved into full on tongue hockey complete with moans and panting. As soon as Billy’s hands wandered down to grasp Steve’s ass, she pressed stop on her phone and quickly sent it to Heather with the message ‘babe look at these idiots. Its fake marriage au. Gonna b 5 yrs of pining.’

The makeout was rapidly approaching sex so Robin grabbed a fist full of rainbow sprinkles and threw it at them. “Congrats. Now get the fuck out.”